

No.
8

PEP COMICS

ACTION
DETECTIVE
ADVENTURE

SEPT.
10¢

THE SHIELD!!
G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk on a central Monogram—finished in black and silver—made of sturdy fiber board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe No. 1000 Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold one hundred (100) pounds. This combination gives you a substantial office at home. Mail this coupon today.

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To help you learn typing, we get Free with this special offer a 24 page booklet, subject to certain conditions, that enables you to learn to type by mail. When you buy a Remington you get this Free Remington Booklet and that means the object of your own Remington Deluxe No. 1000 Portable Typewriter, the world's leading bookmaker Free while this offer lasts.

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The Remington Deluxe No. 1000 Portable Typewriter is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case made of high grade wood bound with a special Deluxe Pattern.

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The Remington Deluxe No. 1000 Portable Typewriter is unique in its design. A money back guarantee, if after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your paid full deposit in cash, ten days money.



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Name

Address

City State

THE SHIELD

G-MAN

EXTRAORDINARY



OUR COUNTRY HAS FOSTERED MANY GLORIOUS PATRIOTS WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR ALL IN ITS DEFENSE... BUT NONE WHO HAVE BEEN MORE UNSELFISH IN HIS SACRIFICES, MORE COURAGEOUS IN ITS DEFENSE, MORE DESTRUCTIVE TO ITS ENEMIES THAN THAT G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY THE SHIELD... KNOWN IN HIS TRUE IDENTITY AS JOE HIGGINS, ONLY BY THE CHIEF OF THE F.B.I.

OPENING NIGHT AT GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE IN HOLLYWOOD.

YOUR PICTURE LOOKS LIKE A HIT, JOHN.

YES, BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT SUMMONS—I HAD NO IDEA THAT THE JEWELLERY I BOUGHT WAS SMUGGLED!

I FEEL TERRIBLE. I INTRODUCED YOU TO THOSE JEWELLERS!

FORGET IT. YOU DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE SMUGGLERS.

JOHN LOVERIDGE'S LATEST PICTURE IS
PREVIEWED...



THE PICTURE DRAWS TO AN END IN A
CRASHING CLIMAX



THE LIGHTS ARE FLASHED ON, AND...



THE POLICE AREN'T...



IT SOUNDS NUTS! BUT
THE WAY THE BULLET HIT
HIM... IT MIGHT HAVE
COME FROM THE SCREEN!



I INSPECTED THE SCREEN
AND THE STAGE... NOT
A CLUE!



THE NEXT DAY BEN
JACKY, ANOTHER
MOVIE STAR, RECEIVES
A COURT SUMMONS
FOR THE PURCHASE OF
SMUGGLED JEWELRY.



I KNEW THAT THE JEWEL
ERY THEY SOLD ME
WAS TOO CHEAP... I'LL
TELL THE POLICE EVERY
THING I KNOW!



JACKY LIFTS THE MOUTHPIECE TO TALK TO
HIS CHAUFFEUR. AND...



WHAT
HAPPENED? HE STARTED TO TALK
INTO THE MOUTHPIECE
...AND THERE WAS AN
EXPLOSION!
THAT'S
ALL I
KNOW!



THE WEIRD MURDERS ARE
FEATURED BY THE NEWS
PAPERS...



AND GET THIS
CHIEF! BIFF
CROSLEY IS THE
THIRD GUY IN THIS
SHUGGLED DIAMOND
RACKET! BOY! IS HE SCARED!

THAT NIGHT... IN STATION
W-S-G-G...



AND NOW WE
PRESENT THE
BRADY'S
BETTER BACON
PROGRAM... STAR-
RING BIFF CROSLEY

THEY'LL TRY TO KILL
ME, NEXT... MAYBE
TONIGHT... I-I MUST
DO SOMETHING!



AT THAT MOMENT, BETTY
WARREN IS ENTERTAIN-
ING JOE HIGGINS.



LET'S LISTEN
TO THE BIFF
CROSLEY
PROGRAM.

AN AMAZING ANNOUNCE-
MENT COMES OVER THE AIR...

THIS IS BIFF
CROSSELEY... I AP-
PEAL TO THE SHIELD.
WHEREVER HE MAY BE, TO
HELP ME! HE'S THE
ONLY ONE... UNKNO!

THE
SHIELD!
WHY THAT'S YOUR
FRIEND, JOE!



LET GO! I DON'T
WANT TO DIE!
THE SHIELD... THE PRO-
GRAM WILL CONTINUE IN
JUST A MOMENT...



ER... THAT'S RIGHT...
HE'S MY FRIEND...
WHEREVER HE GOES,
I GO! RIGHT NOW
WE'RE BOTH GOING
TO HOLLYWOOD!



BUT NOT
WITHOUT
ME!

IN HOOVER'S HOME...

TO LIKE TO
HANDLE THAT
HOLLYWOOD
CASE, CHIEF?

YOU'LL HAVE
TO GO UN-
OFFICIALLY! G-MEN
AREN'T SUPPOSED TO
INTERVENE IN STATE
CRIMES!



DAYS LATER... A SINISTER GROUP
CONVENES



THE HEAT'S ON! THE
POLICE ARE GETTING WISE
TO OUR SMUGGLING
SYNDICATE - WE'VE GOT
TO WORK FAST!

THERE'S JUST ONE MORE
PERSON WHO CAN BLOW US
ALL SKY-HIGH! YOU KNOW
WHO I MEAN - GET GOING!



LATER, A CAR PULLS UP AT THE
CROSSELEY ESTATE



CAN'T LET ANYBODY IN.
I GOT STRICT ORDERS!



DON'T ARGUE
WITH THE
MUG, JOE

YEAH? WELL, THIS GAT
SAYS DIFFERENT,
SUCKER!



WHILE INSIDE THE HOUSE!
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO COME TO
THE STUDIO, BIFF. IN YOUR
LEADING LADY AND YOU'RE
HOLDING UP PRO-
DUCTION!



HO, HO!
THEY'LL KILL
ME!

JUST THEN.....



START PUMP-
IN' LEAD SLUGS,
AND LET'S GET
THE JOB DONE!

O..DON'T SHOOT.
P..PLEASE!

COUNT ME IN
ON THIS PARTY
BOYS!



THE SHIELD!
HELP!

OH! NOW
WE'RE
SUNK!

COME ON NOW.
YOU MUGS ARE
GOING TO TELL
ME WHO IS
BEHIND THESE
MURDERS!



O.K.
SHIELD,
I'LL
TALK!

SUDDENLY A BULLET WHISTLES
PAST THE SHIELD'S EAR!



AAGH! I'M
SHOT!

THE SHIELD LEAPS TO THE
'WHODUN'!



WHOEVER FIRED THAT
SHOT SURE GOT
AWAY IN A
HURRY!

MEANWHILE, BETTY DOES
SOME SLUTTING ON HER OWN
I'M BETTY WARREN. I'D LIKE
TO APPLY FOR AN "EXTRA"
ROLE IN BIFF CROSSLEY'S PICTURE



UH... BETTY WARREN... ER
SURE - JUST THE
TYPE! WE'VE GOT A
GREAT PART FOR
YOU!



BETTY! WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

I'VE GOT MY-
SELF A JOB
WHERE I CAN
ALSO KEEPA
EYE ON BIFF
CROSSLEY



BUT YOU CAN'T
DO THAT! THIS
BUSINESS IS
TOO DANGEROUS!

IT WON'T BE
DANGEROUS
FOR ME!
G-MAN



THERE'S
THAT G-MAN
THE BOSS
TOLD US
ABOUT

OKAY! LET'S
GET HIM!



QUIET, MUG,
INTO THE CAR

HEY WHAT'S
THIS!



I'LL JUST PLAY POSSUM.
MAYBE I'LL FIND SOMETHING.



THEY'RE USING ONE OF THE
STUDIO HOUSES FOR THEIR
HEADQUARTERS. THAT MEANS



OUTSIDE
YOU!

THE LUNG-SEARING MUSTARD GAS
TAKES IMMEDIATE EFFECT



THEY'RE ALL DEAD...
AND I'M HALF-DEAD
MYSELF... WAIT
A MINUTE, SOME-
BODY'S COMING
IN!



MEANWHILE, BETTY MAKES UP FOR HER ROLE
WHY IT HARDLY SEEMS
POSSIBLE! I SIMPLY AP-
PLIED FOR AN EXTRA'S
JOB, AND THEY
GAVE ME A
DRESSING
ROOM OF MY
OWN!



MY WHAT AN ODD-
LOOKING COMPACT!
THIS LITTLE
BUTTON SEEMS
TO BE THE
ONE TO OPEN IT!



SUDDENLY
THE
SHIELD!

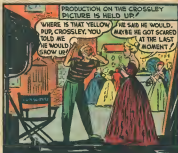


JOHN LOVERIDGE OPENED IT ONCE
FOR JOYCE LARUE..... AND YOU RE-
MEMBER
WHAT HAP-
PENED TO
HIM.



PERFECTLY SIMPLE... SEE? THE
BULLET STRUCK HIM BETWEEN
THE
EYES!

AND... AND
IT WOULD
HAVE KILLED
ME, IF.....



SUDDENLY, A BRILLIANT BLIND-
ING SPOTLIGHT IS FOCUSED ON
TO THE SETTING BELOW!



BOY, THIS IS A CINCINCH
WITH THIS LIGHT.
I CAN'T RUSS!



BUT FROM NOWHERE THE G-MAN
EXTRAORDINARY SUDDENLY APPEARS

VERY CLEVER!
AND NOW I'LL START
TO ACT CUTE!







SO THE RATS
ARE TRYING TO
CRAWL INTO
THEIR HOLE!



HEY BOYS, YOU TOOK
THE WRONG ELEVATOR.
THIS ONE'S GOING UP!



THERE WE ARE.....
TIED NICE AND
TIGHT, AND ALL
READY FOR
DELIVERY!

LEAVE
OUTTA
HERE!



I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND YOU
BOYS. FIRST
YOU'RE IN A
HURRY TO GET
IN, AND NOW
YOU WANT
TO GET OUT!

HELP!
POLICE!



I GUESS WHEN THE
POLICE GET HERE,
THOSE BIRDS WILL
BE READY TO TELL
EVERYTHING
THEY KNOW!

WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE!



HEY LOOKA THAT!
THAT'S A NEW ONE
ON ME!

HA, HA. THEY
LOOK LIKE
DROWNED RATS!

GET US OUTTA
HERE / WE'RE
DROWNIN'!



HEY, CROSSLEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

WHY IT'S HIGGINS! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE YOU!



WELL, MR. SMARTY HIGGINS, I CAPTURED THE RING-LEADER, JOYCE LA RUE!

GOOD WORK, BETTY! ONLY, SHE ISN'T THE RING-LEADER!



YEA! EVERYBODY EXCEPT ME. I RECOGNIZED YOU BEHIND THAT GAS MASK WHEN YOU CAME IN TO MAKE SURE WE WERE ALL DEAD!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!



WHY CROSSLEY'S DEAD. WHAT HAPPENED?

HE JUST SAVED THE STATE THE EXPENSE OF DISCUSSING HIM...THE REST OF HIS OUTFIT, WHOM HE DOUBLED CROSSED ARE ON LOT 4!

THAT BROADCAST FOR THE SHIELD WAS A SMART TRICK. IT DIVERTED SUSPICION- CROSSLEY HAD GIVEN HIS OWN NAME POOLED. NO ONE KNEW WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE. THINGS WERE GETTING TOO HOT SO HE DECIDED TO RUN OUT HIS OWN ORGANIZATION JOYCE LARUE FIRST...



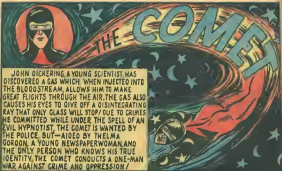
BUT... CROSSLEY TOLD US THEY CAME TO HIS HOUSE TO KILL HIM.

IT WAS MISS LARUE THEY WERE AFTER. SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT SHE ALMOST GAVE THE SIGNAL FOR HER OWN DEATH!



WELL, I'LL BE.

THE SHIELD HAS MORE BLOOD-CURDLING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS



JOHN DICHERING, A YOUNG SCIENTIST HAS DISCOVERED A GAS WHICH WHEN INJECTED INTO THE BLOODSTREAM, ALLOWS HIM TO MAKE GREAT FLIGHTS THROUGH THE AIR. THE GAS ALSO CAUSES HIS EYES TO GIVE OFF A DISINTEGRATING RAY THAT ONLY GLASS WILL STOP. DUE TO CRIMES HE COMMITTED WHILE UNDER THE SPELL OF AN EVIL HYPNOTIST, THE COMET IS WANTED BY THE POLICE. BUT—AIDED BY THELMA GORDON, A YOUNG NEWSPAPERWOMAN AND THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS HIS TRUE IDENTITY, THE COMET CONDUCTS A ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST CRIME AND OPPRESSION!

A CROWDED SHOPPING DISTRICT IN A BUSTLING EASTERN CITY.



A BOOMING VOICE BLARES FORTH FROM NOWHERE!

PREPARE TO DIE!
THE MASTER SPEAKS!



WAVES OF HIGH-VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY MOW DOWN SCORES OF INNOCENT CITIZENS!



THE GOVERNOR MEETS
WITH HIS BOARD!



THE STATE LEGISLATURE
MEETS IN EMERGENCY
SESSION!



SUDDENLY—THE COMET FLASHES INTO VIEW!



YOU CAN'T GIVE IN TO THE
WHIMS OF A MURDERER!
YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT
HIM! GIVE ME 24 HOURS
AND ---



THE
COMET!
SHOOT
TO
KILL!



STILL TRYING TO KILL ME,
HUH? WELL, HERE'S WHERE
I LEAVE!



I'VE GOT TO TALK TO THELMA! IF WE CAN GET HER NEWSPAPER TO TAKE A FIRM STAND, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!



LATER—IN THELMA CORSON'S APARTMENT

I AGREE WITH YOU, JOHN! BUT THE PEOPLE ARE PANIC-STRIKEN!



IF WE ONLY KNEW WHERE THAT FIEND WOULD STRIKE NEXT!

AT THAT INSTANT, THE VOICE OF TERROR BOOMS!



SO THEY'RE PLAYING RIGHT IN OUR OWN BACKYARD!



ABOVE THE CROWDED STREET THE COMET LIFTS HIS VISOR!



I HOPE THIS WORKS!

THE DISINTEGRATING RAY FROM THE COMET'S EYES DESTROYS THE ELECTRICAL WAVES!



HA! THAT'S WHAT I HOPED WOULD HAPPEN!

THE DAILY BLAST
EXCLUSIVE! THE COMET'S DEATH RAY
COMET
THWARTS
FIEND'S
DEATH
RAY

MEANWHILE, IN A ROOM
NOT FAR AWAY!

THE COMET MUST
BE DESTROYED!
I- THE MASTER
COMMAND IT!

BUT HOW, BOSS?
NOBODY KNOWS
WHO HE IS!

EVERY TIME THE COMET PULLS
ONE OF HIS STUNTS, THIS
THELMA GORDON HAS THE
EXCLUSIVE STORY! IT CAN'T
BE COINCIDENCE - SHE MUST
KNOW HIM! GET THAT GIRL!

AS THELMA GORDON LEAVES
HER OFFICE!



IS THELMA GORDON SAVING
HER LIFE AT THE COST OF OTHERS?



I CAN'T STAND
ANY MORE! I'LL
WRITE IT!

YOU'RE GOING
TO SAY THAT
THE FIRST TIME
THE COMET IN-
TERFERES WITH
US - YOU DIE!



TAKE IT EASY,
SIS!

YOU'RE COMIN'
WITH US, BABY!

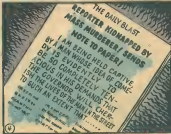


NO USE, BOSS!
SHE WON'T TALK!

OKAY! NOW LISTEN,
SISTER! YOU'RE
GOING TO WRITE A
NOTE TO YOUR PAPER.



BILL!
TEAR OUT THE
FRONT PAGE!
HERE'S A NOTE
FROM THELMA
AND WE'RE
RUNNING IT!



THE DAILY BLAST
REPORTER KIDNAPPED BY
MASS MURDERER! SENDS
NOTE TO PAPER!

I AM BEING HELD CAPTIVE
BY A MAN WHOSE IDEA OF COME-
BE SO EVIDENTLY TO
ACIOUS IN HIS DEMANDS THAT
THE GOVERNOR WILL CHECK
TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT...

THE COMET WAITS PATIENTLY
FOR THE EVENING PAPER, THEN

OUR PLAN IS
WORKING! HERE'S
THE MESSAGE
FROM THELMA!



BY READING THE LAST WORDS
IN EACH SENTENCE, THE COMET
DISCOVERS WHERE THELMA IS
BEING HELD!

CAPTIVE,
COME—
TO
TEN-
THAT
CHER-
STREET



TEN THATCHER STREET, HUH?
THAT'S IT RIGHT BELOW
HERE!



OKAY, BOYS! TAKE THE MACHINE
TO BROAD AND WALL AND LET
'EM HAVE IT! WE'LL GET THAT
MONEY, OR ELSE!



YOUR
TERRORISM IS ALL
OVER! HERE'S WHERE —



DON'T
LIFT
THAT
VISOR!



THE MASTER MIND
SLYLY PASSES A BUTTON!



A NET OF SPUN GLASS DROPS
FROM THE CEILING!



THE COMET'S DISINTEGRATING
RAY WILL NOT PIERCE THE
SPUN GLASS NET/

YOU SEE, MR. COMET,
WE ARE PREPARED
FOR EVERYTHING!

NICE WORK
THELMA

HEY!
LOOK OUT!

Public Through the Service

A FEW MINUTES LATER,

THAT'S THE END OF TEM
THATCHER STREET AND THE DEATH
MACHINE /

WHO ARE YOU,
ANYWAY?

HAVEN'T YOU
HEARD? I'M
THE MASTER!

THE RAY FROM THE MACHINE, MEETING THE COMET'S RAY, COMPLETELY DIS-
SOLVES THE GLASS IN

WUXTRY!
COMET RIDES
OUT DEATH
MACHINE!
WUXTRY!

WHILE THE COMET STALLS FOR TIME

BOOM!

YOU DIDN'T GIVE
THOSE INNOCENT
PEOPLE A CHANCE!
I'M NOT GIVING
YOU A CHANCE,
EITHER!

YOU SHOULD BE
PROUD OF YOUR-
SELF, JOHN!

WHY? IF A COP
RECOGNIZED ME
I'D BE SHOT
DOWN THIS
MINUTE!
THAT'S THE
KIND OF A
LIFE I'M
DESTINED
TO LIVE!

COMET WIPES
OUT MASTER
MIND/EXTRAL
MAD SCIENTIST'S
DEATH MACHINE
DESTROYED!

PERRY CHASE....

BY **MESLIN** with **SUNBELL**

PRESS GUARDIAN

ONLY CYNTHIA BLAKE, PERRY CHASE'S SECRETARY, KNOWS THAT PERRY CHASE IS THE DAUNTLESS AND MUCH FEARED **PRESS GUARDIAN**.

SEVERAL TIMES, THE WATERS OF NORTH HARBOR ARE ROCKED BY THUNDEROUS EXPLOSIONS AS THE CARGOES IN FREIGHT SHIPS MYSTERIOUSLY EXPLODE!

A REPORTER OF THE *DAILY EXPRESS*, SUSPECTING MORE THAN ACCIDENT, DISAPPEARS AFTER QUESTIONING SEVERAL WATERFRONT CHARACTERS...

A SECOND REPORTER IS FOUND ON THE BEACH WASHED UP BY THE TIDES, TWO DAYS LATER!

LOOK, POP, EVEN IF THOSE BLOWN UP SHIPS WERE ACCIDENTS, THOSE MURDERS AREN'T! WON ABOUT LETTING ME AND CYNTHIA TAKE OVER THIS STORY.

YOU STICK TO SOCIETY REPORTING, SON. THE POLICE CAN HANDLE THAT KIND OF BUSINESS!

IN THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE OF THE *DAILY EXPRESS*.





WOW! THEY'RE LOADING
UP WITH GASOLINE. THAT
COULD BLOW A BOAT
SKY-HIGH IN TWO
MINUTES!



HEY, SLUG! DID
YA HEAR ABOUT.....
HEY, YOU
AIN'T SLUG!



BUT YOU'RE WEARIN'
SLUGS CLOTHES!
YOU MUSTA
KNOCKED SLUG
OFF! HEY!
MEN! A
SHOOOPER!



GET
HIM!



NOT WHILE I'M
STILL ON MY
FEET!



HE WASN'T SO
TOUGH!



TIE HIM UP AND THROW
HIM INTO THE FREIGHTER'S
GUEST ROOM!

PERRY FIGHTS BACK, BUT AFRAID THAT SOMEONE MAY
RECOGNIZE HIM AS PERRY CHASE, WHO IS SUPPOSED TO
BE A COWARD, HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE OVERCOME!



PARTY'S OVER.
BOYS/GET YOUR
HANDS UP!

CYNTHIA!

NICE LADIES
DON'T PLAY
WITH GUNS/ IN
SO SORRY TO
INTERRUPT
YOUR DELIGHT-
FUL LITTLE
GAME!

THE
CLAW/
I THOUGHT...

...I WAS DEAD/ I'M VERY
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU,
MRS BLAKE, BUT I'M STILL
VERY MUCH ALIVE, AND
THIS TIME THE GUN IS
IN MY HANDS, AND
I HAVE NO QUALMS
ABOUT USING
IT!



IT WAS
A GOOD
TRY,
CYNTHIA!

WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO
WITH
US?

YOU YELLOW
DOG, I'LL
TEACH YOU
NOT TO
MEDDLE IN
MY
AFFAIRS!

IN FIVE MINUTES WE'RE
TAKING YOU OUT TO SEA
IN THIS OLD TUB, AND WE'LL
BLOW YOU SKY-HIGH WITH
IT. NICE RACKET THIS.....
I BUY OLD TUBS, CHANGE
THEIR NAMES AND REG-
ISTRATIONS, INSURE THEM
TO THE HILT, AND THEN DE-
STROY THEM..... EASY
MONEY, NO?



AFTER THE CLAW
LEAVES, PERRY
SEES A PUDDLE
OF OIL ON THE
FLOOR, AND
DECIDES TO
USE IT TO AT-
TEMPT TO LOOSEN
HIS BONDS!

THAT DOES IT. THE OIL MAKES MY WRISTS
SO GREASY, THE ROPE SLIPS RIGHT OFF!



GOOD! NOW
UNITE ME!

THE HINGES ON THE
DOOR LOOK RUSTY.
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN
DO!



HEY, YOU DIRTY
DOGS, HERE
I AM! COME
AND GET
ME!



THE SHOOTERS
LOOSE, CYN!



THERE HE GOES!
AROUND THAT
CABIN!





LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE,
BOYS!



MAY I JOIN
THE PARTY?

C'MON, YOU
RUGGS, THE
NEXT WALTZ
IS MINE!

THAT ISN'T
THE SNOOPER!

THAT'S —

THE —

PRESS
GUARDIAN!



THAT TAKES CARE
OF THEM! OH-OH!
HERE COMES CYN-
THIA WITH THE
POLICE! BETTER
DUCK OUT!



THE PARTY'S
OVER, BOYS!
WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL
CELL ALL RESERVED
FOR YOU!

THE RACKET IS
EXPOSED, AND THE
INSURANCE COMPANIES
WILL SEE THAT IT
DOESN'T HAPPEN
AGAIN.... BUT
WHAT BECAME OF
THE CLAW?

I SAW HIM DIVE
OVERBOARD WHEN
HE SAW ME.....
ER... I MEAN THE
PRESS GUARD-
IAN!

NEXT DAY!

MORE ADVENTURES
OF THE PRESS
GUARDIAN
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF PEP
COMICS

FU CHANG

International

DETECTIVE

FU CHANG, CHINESE SCHOLAR AND DETECTIVE IS HEIR TO THE MAGIC CHESSMEN OF A-LADON AND USES THEM TO BRING PEACE AND GOOD-WILL THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD —

ALIEN SMUGGLERS, IN THE PACIFIC, WHEN OVERTAKEN BY THE COAST GUARD, DROP THEIR HUMAN CARGO IN THE SHARK INFESTED WATER!



BEFORE THE SHARKS CAN COMPLETE THEIR PRINER, THE COAST GUARD ARRIVES — AND THE LAST VICTIM IS RESCUED!



BRING HIM ABOARD — HE'S STILL LIVING!

TAKE HIM BELOW — IF WE KEEP HIM ALIVE, HE MAY BE ABLE TO TELL US WHO IS BEHIND THE SMUGGLING RING!

SAY — THIS GUY IS NO COOLIE — HE'S DRESSED AND HE LOOKS LIKE A MANDARIN!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SMUGGLING SHIP PORTYCEE, THE HOOKER AND HIS MEN CURSE THE COAST GUARD



BLAST 'EM! THAT'S AN OTHER LOAD WE DON'T GET PAID FOR!

HAH! THEY GEEVE UP THE CHASE, WE ARE SAFE NOW!



THESE WATER AROUND FREEZE GRY TOO UNHEALTHY — I SO. SEE BOSS TONIGHT!

YEAH — PORTYCEE. MAYBE THE BOSS CAN HAVE THE COAST GUARD STOPPED — WE AIN'T MAKIN' NO DOUGH THIS WAY!

THAT NIGHT.....

THE BOSS, HE SMART—HE WEE!
KNOW HOW TO STOP US
FROM LOSING OUR CARGO.

PORTYCEE—THE
HOOKER, ENTERS
THE APARTMENT
OF COMMISSIONER
WARRREN—

ALLO BOSS—NICE
NIGHT, NO?

NO IS RIGHT/ HAVE
YOU SEEN THIS
PAPER — YOU
BUNGLING
FOOL!

READ THIS / HOW MANY TIMES
HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT I
DON'T WANT EVIDENCE
LAYING AROUND!

WORLD NEWS
CHINESE MURDERIN HEAR DEATH

COAST GUARD BELIEVE
VICTIM TO BE KEY TO
MOOSE SMUGGLING RING—
THE MOOSE ARE BEING THE
AN UNIDENTIFIED CHINAMAN
WHO LIES DEAD BELIEVE MOON
TO BECAUSE CONSPIRACIES—
HE WAS PICKED OUT OF THE
SHARK INVESTED WHO
SHOULD HAVE

IF HE LIVES AND TALKS, WE'RE LOST—SMUGGLING I CAN
REST QUIET— BUT MURDER IS SOMETHING
EVEN I CAN'T FIX/ PERHAPS
PORTYCEE, WE HAD BETTER
GIVE UP THIS RACKET... MAY-
BE YOU'D BETTER GO BACK
TO YOUR SHARK
FISHING.

SHARK FISH-
ING. AM! THAT
GIVE ME BIG
IDEA, BOSS.
PERHAPS....

... IF I HAVE CARGO FULL OF
SHARKS THE COAST GUARD
DO NOT LOOK FOR
CHINAMAN—NO?

ALL RIGHT IN WHAT YOU
THINK IS BEST—BUT REMEM-
BER—A DEAD CHINAMAN
MAKES THE BEST WITNESS
FOR US!

THE SAME NEWSPAPER STORY HAS BEEN READ
BY FU CHANG AND HIS FIANCEE TAY MING —
TOGETHER THEY VISIT THE DYING CHINAMAN.

I'M AFRAID HE SHALL NOT
RECOVER— WHATEVER HE
KNOWS WILL BE TOLD ONLY
TO THE GODS!

IF ONLY WE COULD DIS-
COVER WHAT HE KNOWS.
THEN WE COULD STOP
THIS MURDERING OF OUR
PEOPLE!

LET US LEAVE NOW,
FU CHANG. HIS KNOW-
LEDGE DIES WITH HIM!

WAIT! MAYBE NOT ALL IS
LOST— MAYBE MY GOD
AND MY CHESHMEH MAY
HELP—THEY HAVE THE PO-
WERS TO READ THE MINDS OF
THOSE WHO HAVE GONE
BEYOND.

OH GREAT GOD—COME AGAIN TO
THE AID OF YOUR PEOPLE—
MANY OF OUR INNOCENTS
HAVE MET THEIR DEATH
AT THE HANDS OF SMUG-
GLERS—TELL ME WHO
THEY ARE SO I MAY
STOP THEM!



FU CHANG'S GOD COMES TO
LIFE—SHEDDING HIS LIGHT
ON A LITTLE WINGED SPY



WHAT'S YOUR
WISH—OH
MASTER?



THE ROBLE FU CHANG SEEKS
INFOEMATION ABOUT A SMUG-
GLING 'RING'—FIND IT FOR HIM



GOD SPEED—LITTLE
MESSENGER!



THE LITTLE FIGURE FLIES
STRAIGHT TO THE HANGOUT OF
PORTYCEE, THE HOOKER...



WHERE HE OVERHEARS THE
PLANS OF THE SMUGGLERS

WE LEAVE TONIGHT—AND PICK
UP OUR CARGO IN A FEW
HOURS WE RETURN. THERE'S
TIME THERE IS NO SLIP-UP!



THE LITTLE SPY RETURNS TO FU CHANG AND REPORTS...





THE LITTLE FIGURE REVEALS ALL TO FU CHANG.

.....YOUR PEOPLE WERE HIDDEN INSIDE THE SHAGS. LATER, THE EVIL ONE GOES TO SEE THE COMMISSIONER.



THE COMMISSIONER, AT LAST WE KNOW THE SOURCE OF THIS EVIL.

FU CHANG DISCUSSES A PLAN WITH TAY WING.

COMMISSIONER WARREN! I KNOW THE EVIL ONE, TAY WING...WE SHALL SCARE HIM WITH OUR LITTLE CHESSMAN! PERHAPS HE WILL CONFESS HIS GUILT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY COMMISSIONER WARREN RECEIVES A PACKAGE.



HM! THIS IS ODD I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE.....

GOOD GRIEF! A MINUTURE FIGURE OF THE DEAD MANDARIN!



SUDDENLY THE CHESSMAN COMES TO LIFE...



NO! NO! I MUST BE DREAMING! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

YOU ARE GUILTY OF A CRIME WORSE THAN MURDER!



NO! NO! GO AWAY. LET ME ALONE, I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!



I SHALL WAIT YOU UNTIL YOU CONFESS YOUR GUILT...

I'LL CONFESS! HELP!



THAT IS GOOD, COMMISSIONER! NOW SIGN YOUR RIGHT NAME!

YES..YES! ANYTHING YOU SAY!



A SECOND LATER FU CHANG BURSTS IN.

YOUR CELL IS WAITING FOR YOU, COMMISSIONER!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS FU CHANG!

INSPECTOR, HERE'S YOUR MAN, CONFESS AND ALL. IT IS WRITTEN THAT CONFUCUS ASKS, "WAS FOR CASE FOR POLITICAL FIXER WHEN POLITICAL FIXER GETS FIXED?"

MORE ADVENTURES OF FU CHANG IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

SERGEANT BOYLE

by BIRD
AND SUNDELL



SERGEANT BOYLE, AMERICAN COLLEGE STUDENT, JOINED THE BRITISH ARMY TO FIND EXCITEMENT... AND HE FINDS PLENTY!

CITIZENS OF ANTWERP: AT ANY MOMENT WE EXPECT GERMAN OCCUPATION OF OUR CITY—NON-CITIZENS ARE ADVISED THAT THE LAST TRAIN WILL

LEAVE FOR FRANCE AT 3 O'CLOCK. THERE WILL BE NO MILITARY RESISTANCE. THEREFORE NO SERIOUS CAUSE FOR ALARM!

MY DAUGHTER, ANGEL! SHE'S IN ANTWERP! I MUST GET HER OUT BEFORE THE INVASION!



HEY BOYS, HERE COMES FOSSIL FACE!

YEE GENERAL TYNWALL, I'M SURE HE'S THE MAN FOR THIS JOB!



BOYLE, YOU MUST BRING HER BACK... NEXT TO DUTY, SHE'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN MY LIFE!















GETTING TOO HOT FOR COMFORT-IF I BAIL OUT THEY MAY STOP SHOOTING BELOW!



SERGEANT BOYLE
SERIES - PART 10
PEP COMICS

LEE SAMPSON... MIDSHIPMAN



THE MIDSHIPMEN HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THEIR SUMMER CRUISE, AND ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN A NEW TERM. WHAT NEW ADVENTURES AND THRILLS DOES THE NEXT YEAR HOLD FOR MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMPSON?

THE HEAD MASTER CALLS THE MIDSHIPMEN TO THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW TERM!



YOU ALL HAVE A WEEP UNTIL THE TERM OFFICIALLY BEGINS!

AFTER, IN LEE SAMPSON'S ROOM!



IM GOING HOME FOR A WEEK/HOW ABOUT YOU?

I THINK I'LL STICK AROUND AND TAKE IN THE CIRCUS!

ME TOO!



WOWOW!
LOOKA THIS!

WHAT'S UP, SHIP-
WRECK?



TON POST
R HOLDEN'S DAUGHTER
MISSING FOR MONTH
MISSING LEFT HOME
SHE - HAS TO BE
TRIED TO GOVT
IMMEDIATELY



WELL, ITS NO SKIN
OFF MY NOSE ABOUT
THE CARRYING ON OF
THESE FLUFFY-HEADED
TEBS!

S'LONG!

CAN Y'BELT THAT, A RICH
DAME LIKE THAT LEAVING
HOME!

FORGET IT, SHIP-
WRECK. LET'S GET
STARTED FOR THE
CIRCUS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HOME OF J.P. HOLDEN

I THINK WE'VE LOCATED YOUR
DAUGHTER PERFORMING IN A
CARNIVAL NEAR ANHAPOLIS,
MR. HOLDEN.

WE'LL GO
THERE
AT ONCE!

FINE!



SHE'LL SUFFER A LOT MORE
IF SHE HAS TO MARRY
SOMEONE LIKE YOU!

AN-ISE POOR
CREECHEN
ON SHE
MUST 'AVE
SUFFER!

QUIET, JEREMIAH.
THE COURT WILL
MAKE HER A
GOOD MATCH!



LATER—AT THE CIRCUS GROUNDS!

LET'S GO INTO THE
CIRCUS TENT,
SHIPWRECK!

OKAY!



MEANWHILE, THE BIG LION ACT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN

—AND
NOW LADIES
AND
GENTLE-
MEN—



WHEN... LOOKA,
THE LIONS / THEY
SURE LOOK
FIERCE!

DAY— THAT
GIRL LOOKS
FAMILIAR!





LEE CARRIES THE GIRL TO
HER TENT AND SOON
REVIVES HER!

I RECOGNIZE YOU NOW—
YOU'RE JANET HOLDEN, THE
RUNAWAY NEERDS!

PLEASE,
DON'T SEND
ME BACK!



JANET'S IDENTITY IS OVER-
HEARD BY TWO THUGS!

HEAR THAT, SLICK!
THAT'S THE
HOLDEN
DAME!

IF WE
GRAB
HER QUICK
WE'LL MAKE
HER OLD MAN
PAY PLENTY!



WELL, WHAT YOU DO IS
YOUR OWN BUSINESS,
I'M GOING TO SEE IF
SHIPWRECK'S OKAY!

I'LL BE
ALL RIGHT
NOW!



IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEE'S
DEPARTURE.....

I GOT
HER!



QUICK! LET'S
GET HER TO
THE CAR!



OUTSIDE, LEE MEETS SHIPWRECK AND
THE HOLDENS!

OH, THERE YOU ARE, LEE,
I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU!
THESE ARE THE GIRL'S
PARENTS!

OH, WHERE
IS JANET?



THAT WAS A BRAVE ACT OF
YOURS, SAVING MY DAUGHTER!
THIS... THIS COWARD IS COUNT
DE LUERE, HER
FIANCEE!

BUT I WAS
TRYING TO BREAK
UP ON THE LION
FROM BEHIND!



LEE LEADS THEM BACK
TO THE TENT, BUT.....

GREAT
GOOFT,
SHE'S
GONE!

OH, MY
BABY!



MEANWHILE, JANET MANAGED
TO LOOSEN HER CAPTOR'S
HAND FROM HER MOUTH!

HELP!
HELP!

GOSH! SHE'S
DONE IT
NOW!





JUST THEN, MR. AND MRS. HOLDEN ARRIVE

OH, MY DARLING BABY... DID THOSE BRUTES HURT YOU?

NO, MOTHER, I'M ALL RIGHT!

LET BEAT IT BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE!



I KEEEL THE ONE'S WHO WEESSH TO HURT MY ONEECKER... WHERE ARE THEY?



JUST THEN THE COUNT APPEARS!

STOP FUSCHING YOURSELF OUT, COUNT. THEY'RE GONE AND YOU'RE SAFE!

AND NOW YOU'RE COMING HOME WITH US, YOUNG LADY!



NOT IF I HAVE TO MARRY THAT ... THAT GOLD-DIGGING NINCOMPOOP!

DON'T WORRY DEAR, YOU WON'T!



BAN, STUPID AMERICANS!

WERE SO GRATEFUL TO YOU!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE, MOTHER AGREED WITH FATHER.....AND BY THE WAY, WHAT WOULD I HAVE TO DO TO JOIN THE NAVY?



DON'T MISS

THE NEXT ISSUE

OF

PEP COMICS

FOR

FURTHER ADVENTURES

OF

MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMPSON

• •

THE **ROCKET**

AND THE **QUEEN OF DIAMONDS**

WHEN THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS RETURNED TO HER EMPIRE, SHE WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE BY THE TRAITOR, RETLER, THE TERRIBLE WHO HAD URSURPED HER THRONE. HER FRIENDS, THE ROCKET, AND FALKAR, EXILED KINGS OF THE HAWK MEN, HAVE SWORN TO FREE HER, AND SET HER ONCE MORE ON THE THRONE OF THE DIAMOND EMPIRE!



WE ARE TOO WELL KNOWN BY RETLER'S MEN, WE MUST ENTER THE CITY UNSEEN.



LET US WAIT UNTIL NIGHTFALL, AND THEN SWIM THE RIVER THAT SURROUNDS THE CITY.

AT MID-NIGHT THE ROCKET AND FALKAR SWIM SILENTLY FOR THE SHORES OF THE DIAMOND EMPIRE.

EASY, FALKAR! RETLER'S PATROL SHIPS KEEP CAREFUL WATCH AT NIGHT.

IF WE GET THROUGH THIS ALIVE... WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED.



SUDDENLY A SPOTLIGHT PICKS THEM UP.

WE'RE DISCOVERED! LOOKS LIKE OUR PLANS END HERE.



COME CLOSER, STRANGERS, SO WE CAN SEE WHY YOU SWIM THIS TIME OF NIGHT!



IT'S THE ROCKET AND THE HAWK KING!



GOOD! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM!

RETLEK'S MEN CAREFULLY TAKE
THEIR PRIZE ABOARD SHIP.



PERHAPS ONCE
WE'RE ABOARD,
WE MAY BE
ABLE TO FIGHT
FOR CONTROL
OF THE BOAT!

THE ROCKET
AND TALUKAR
SPRING INTO
ACTION!

CHRON FILLAR! FOR
RIGHT, AND OUR
QUEEN!

DOWN WITH
THE TRAITORS!



BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!



NO ROCKET AND PRINCE
TALUKAR, YOUR EFFORTS ARE
NODDLE, BUT UNNECESSARY. I
AM LOYAL TO THE QUEEN.



TOGETHER, WE MAY BE
ABLE TO FREE HER
FROM THE TYRANT
RETLEK.

GOOD, BUT YOUR
MEN, ARE THEY
LOYAL TO THE
QUEEN ALSO?

LET'S QUESTION
THE CREW AND
FIND OUT!

CAPTAIN TONKAS QUESTIONS HIS
CREW BELOWDECK



HEN! I SEEK YOUR
AID. FREE THE QUEEN
FROM THE BONDS OF
RETLEK THE TERRIBLE.
ARE YOU
WITH
ME?



AVE!
LONG LIVE OUR
QUEEN!

AVE!
DEATH
TO RETLEK!



HURRAY! WE HAVE A FORCE OF
MEN AND AMMUNITION ENOUGH
TO TAKE THE PALACE! TONIGHT
WE SHALL BRING RETLEK
TO HIS KNEES!



PERHAPS IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR ME AND A FEW OF MY MEN TO ENTER RETLEK'S PALACE. YOUR ROCKET AND FALKAR HAD BETTER CAPTURE RETLEK'S ROCKET SHIP

GOOD! WHEN WE HAVE IT WE'LL LET OFF A FLARE! YOU BRING THE QUEEN AND COME ABOARD

THE TWO PARTIES START OFF FOR THEIR DESTINATIONS. THE ROCKET AND HIS SMALL BAND ENTER THE PALACE COURTYARD WHERE RETLEK KEEPS HIS SHIP

HASTEN MEN! HERE COME RETLEK'S GUARDS!

A BRIEF BATTLE-- AND THE GUARDS ARE OVER-COME!

OUT OF OUR WAY TRAITOR'S!

THE ROCKET REELS OFF THE HARBOR. THE DOOR'S OPENING YOU SHOOT THE FLARE WHILE I GET THE SHIP READY

ALL READY! LET THAT FLARE GO, FALKAR!

THE HAWK-KING GIVES THE SIGNAL!

RETURN WHILE - TORNO PREPARES
PAGES TO ENTER THE CASTLE

WAIT THE SIGNAL
HERE! WHEN YOU
SEE IT, ATTACK
THE GUARDS!
KILL ANYONE
WHO MIGHT STAND
ON US!
BETWEEN THE
QUEEN AND
SAFETY!

YES,
CAPTAIN, YOU
CAN DEPEND
ON US!

CAPTAIN TORNO, REPORTING.
LET ME THROUGH!

RETLEN, THE TERRIBLE,
IS EXPECTING YOU,
PAGES!



THERE'S THE
SIGNAL!
I'VE GOT A
MOMENT
TO LOSE!



YOUR TIME HAS COME
RETLEN! YOUR MAJESTY.
THE ROCKET AWAITS
YOU, IN THE COURT
YARD!

YOU SHALL PAY
FOR THIS, YOU
MUTINOUS DOG!



ONE FALSE MOVE
RETLEN, AND
IT'S YOUR LAST!

THEIR PLAN HAS WORKED TO PERFECTION.
THE ROCKET SHIP IS READY, AND RETLEN'S
DEAD GUARDS STREW THE COURTYARD.



SIR ROCKET!
FALKAR!

GOOD WORK,
TORNO!

WITH A BRIGHT
BLAST THE
ROCKET SHIP
TAKES OFF!



MEANWHILE THE HANGAR
GUARDS HAVE RECOVERED
SUFFICIENTLY TO SPREAD
THE ALARM



BRING DOWN
THAT ROCKET
SHIP!



THE ROCKET SHIP TAKES OFF!



AND OPEN FIRE ON THE ROCKET SHIP

WOULD DEST
INFORM YOUR
GUARDS THAT IF
THEY KILL US,
THEY WILL YOU TOO!



WETLIX SPEAKS TO THE PALACE
GUARDS ON THE INTRA-SPACE
VIBRA-GRAPH!



CEASE FIRING MEN, I AM AT THE
MERCY OF THE ROCKET AND
THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS!



--AND LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS, PREPARE THE EMPIRE FOR THE RETURN OF THE QUEEN!



ONE BY ONE, RETLER'S SUN EMPLACEMENTS ARE BLOWN TO BITS



BUT RETLER IS NOT YET DEFEATED! HE SLIPS HIS BONDS AND REACHES FOR A DEADLY GAMMA-SUN



CAN RETLER THE TERRIBLE REGAIN CONTROL OF THE DIAMOND EMPIRE? ... AND WHAT FURTHER ADVENTURES ARE IN STORE FOR THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS. SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF DICK CORNELL

WHEN SATAN PLAYED SAINT

CHARLES BRADLEY reeled the devil with the good gold money of the United States Treasury Department for years. But he did not look like a devil. Nature provided Charles Bradley with the mask of a saint. Especially in his later years Bradley looked more like the curate of a country church than an arch criminal. It might have been because Bradley was an artist and prided himself on his art.

Bradley did some years ago in the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City a damier recorded with a degree of satisfaction by the United States Secret Service department. It was through Bradley's own confession that he was given enough years to insure his dying behind prison bars. He explained it thus:

"When I'm at large I just can't help priding myself on my artistic jeweler's ability to ream gold coins—and I just can't help working hard at it. I guess it's better this time if I have to do it all."

There was no violence to Bradley. He never resisted arrest. He always gave his defense attorneys severe pains in the necks by assuming an air of injured innocence and "fussing up like a school boy."

The reason Bradley was out so often, after serving short terms, only to get in again was his childlike demeanor when in custody. His kindly manners won favor with parole boards. Even social workers and some High Society dames were attracted to Bradley's case at intervals. There was something about his tall, lean stalwart frame and clear blue eyes that appealed to people.

Bradley went wrong when serving at a jeweler's workbench as a young man. He remained wrong probably

because it was easy and profitable. He said that during his lunch hour one day he read in the newspaper of the arrest of a man for "sweating" gold coins. Bradley had just received a \$20 gold piece in his wages. The newspaper said that the accused had said washed \$3.50 from a \$10 gold piece.

"That's crude," Bradley said he decided. "If he had reamed it he could have taken \$7.50 and it could be done in a way to defy detection."

SO BRADLEY tried it on his \$20 gold piece. He bored a tiny hole through the edge. Without disturbing the milling or the surface at any other point, he chiseled out \$17.50 worth of gold from the one coin. He put enough jeweler's cement back through the tiny hole to make the coin weigh exactly what it should. He sealed the tiny hole and passed the coin. Then he sold the gold he had extracted.

Bradley could work five twenties a day in this manner. Naturally he profited and had a royal good time with his ill-gotten gold. They nabbed him often enough, though, usually when he appeared at some bank to change currency into gold.

Bradley was the daddy of this process of defrauding the Government. Also, he was the cleverest mutilator of coins ever to have lived. There have been many other reamers of gold coins but none who could leave a thinner shell of gold or work through a smaller hole.

The withdrawal of gold from circulation has about completely done away with this interesting and skillful pastime.

THE END

**STEEL STERLING - MAN OF STEEL -
EVERY MONTH IN ZIP COMICS**

Meet **THE SKULL !!!**

THE GREATEST CRIMINAL
MENACE IN THE HISTORY
OF CIVILIZATION !!



WITH
**ROY
SUPER
BOY**

EVIL FIGHTS AGAINST GOOD WHEN **THE SKULL**, CROSSES WITS,
BRAVN AND GUNS WITH THE **BLACK HOOD**..... THE WORLDS
MOST MYSTERIOUS CRIME BUSTER..... *And*

THE WIZARD - THE MAN WITH SUPER-BRAIN with
ROY THE SUPER-BOY ARE WITH US AGAIN IN THIS
SMASHING, ACTION-PACKED MAGAZINE! ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

KAYO WARD

KAYO WARD IS SUPPOSED TO BE RECOVERING IN HOLLYWOOD FROM THE JOE LOUIS FIGHT, BUT HE HAS BEEN COINED INTO BECOMING A MOVIE ACTOR BY THE EXOTIC ACTRESS, RUPY LA VEZ.



by

BOB WOOD—
AND
HARRY SHORTEN



"THAT'S FINE,
KAYO—
CUT—"

SET
5

KAYO HAS EARNED THE JEALOUSY OF RONALD SLEEK WHOSE ROLE HE HAS TAKEN.

HOW DO YOU EXPECT A PUNCHDRUNK FIGHTER TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ACTING?



"BETTER NOT
SHOOT YOUR
MOUTH OFF,
SLEEK!"

THE OFFICE OF MORTIMER J. GINS—
RUPY LA VEZ'S PRODUCER—



"THE PICTURE'S
FINISHED—
M. J."

"GOOD—WE'LL
HAVE A PREVIEW
RIGHT AWAY!"



NOT SINCE "GONE WITH THE WIND" HAS A PREVIEW AROUSED SO MUCH PUBLIC INTEREST. KAYO IS ON EVERY CRITIC'S TONGUE.



"WARD CAN'T BE AS
GOOD AS THEY SAY!"

"PROBABLY JUST
DALLYHOOD!"

AND HERE WE ARE IN HOLLYWOOD, FOLKS, AT GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE FOR THE PREVIEW OF "HOT LIPS AND HOT FISTS" — AND HERE'S CLARK GABLE OVER ON MY RIGHT /



HELLO, EVERYBODY / KAYO WARD'S GOT ME WORRIED. IF HE'S AS GOOD AS I HEAR, I'LL MAKE AN APPLICATION FOR WPA. HA, HA /



BERGEN AND MCCARTHY SOON ARRIVE

SAY SOMETHING FUNNY, CHARLIE! IF EVERYONE FOR THE TELL A GAG YOU GET PAID FOR IT!



UH, UH / HERE THEY COME, FOLKS. THE ONES YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR. KAYO WARD AND RUPY LA VEZ /



GOSH / I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY. MISS RUPY CERT'NLY IS A MARVELOUS ACTRESS. HA, HA. SUCH MODESTY!



OH YES / AND I ALMOST FORGOT, RONALD SLEEK IS HERE, TOO / HE USED TO BE RUPY'S LEADING MAN, REMEMBER? BAH /



THE PREVIEW THEN BEGINS —



AS KAYO IS FLASHED ON THE SCREEN, HE RECEIVES THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE —





AS THE PICTURE CONTINUES, KAYD'S ACTING STARTLES THE CRITICS AND SPECTATORS...



PRODUCER GINSBURG IN-
FORMS THE CROWD OF A
CELEBRATION

AND NOW—FOLKS I'M
GIVING YOU ALL A LITTLE
PARTY AT PUNCHY'S
PAVILION!



AT PUNCHY'S PAVILION—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD
HOT SPOT—

KAYO, MEET PUNCHY
NOZENBLOOM, EX-
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT!
HE OWNS THIS
PLACE!

PLEASE TO
MEET HIM. I'M CERTAIN!

ME TOO!



YOU SURE
MADE A HIT,
KAYO!

YOU 'AV
MAKE ZE
HIT WIZ ...
RUPY, TOO,
KAYO. LET'S
DANCE!



OH KAYO / YOU 'AV MAKE
RUPY SOO HAPPY— WE
WEEL 'AV SOO MUCH
FUN TOGETHER.
YES?



RONNY, WHO HAS BEEN
LEFT OUT IN THE COLD,
DULKS AT ANOTHER TABLE

FIRST HE STEALS MY
PART IN THE PICTURE
AND NOW MY GIRL— I'LL
GET EVEN WITH THAT
GUY!



RONNY HITS ON A PLAN

SAY, PUNCHY, YOU
WERE A PRETTY
GOOD FIGHTER,
WEREN'T YOU?

DA BEST!



KAYO WARD
SAYS YOU
COULDN'T
LUCK A
POSTAGE
STAMP!

WHY, DA
BUM! I'LL
TEAR HIM
APART!



YOU'VE GOT
TO SHOW
IT TO ME!

OKAY, I'LL
BRING YOU
BACK A FEW
OF HIS
TEETH!



HERE HE IS! HE'S
GOT A NOIVE! I'LL
KNOCK HIM INTO
DA MIDDLE OF
NEXT WEEK!



HEY, YOU, WARD, CMON
IN MY OFFICE I
WANNA HAVE A LITTLE
LITTLE TALK
WID YOU!



WHY, UH, SURE!
'SCUSE ME,
FOLKS!



PUNCHY'S BOUNCERS WATCH KAYO
AS HE FOLLOWS THEIR BOSS

HEY, SNOOKY! YEAH, MAYBE DE
LOOK..... BOSS NEEDS SOME
SUMPIN'S UP! STRONG ARM STUFF



SO I CAN'T LICK A
POSTAGE STAMP,
HUH.....
WISE-GUY!

BUT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



TAKE IT EASY, BOSS, WE'LL
HANDLE DIS. DON'T WASTE
FRESH MUG! YER WILDOBLE
TIME WID HIM!



BAM
POCK
GIF



I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIT
TO WORK ON
YEEZ MYSELF.

I DON'T WANT
NO TROUBLE WITH
YOUSSE PLEASE
DON'T!



I'M GIVIN' YOU DA THIS IS
DOUBLE CORN- RICKERLESS
SCREW PUNCH!
HERE
SHE COMES!



YOU ORTA KNOW
BETTER N LEAD WITH
YOUR RIGHT.



LEAD WITH
YOUR LEFT,
LIKE THIS!



WAKE UP
PUNCHY!

HUH! WHAT
ROUND IS IT!



WHAT A YELLOR! I
GUESS YOU WERE
RIGHT WHEN YOU
SAID YOU COULD
LUCK ME!

I NEVER
SAID
THAT!



DID YOU FIX HIM, PUNCHY?



WHAT DO YOU
THINK?... AND
DAT REMINDS
ME!



YOU COULD USE
A LITTLE FIXIN
YERSELF!



DAT'S PER GIVIN' ME A
WRONG STEER
ABOUT A SWELL
GUY LIKE KAYO



FROM NOW ON
WERE BUDDIES,
KAYO. I FIXED
DAT RAT, RONNY!

YOU'RE SHUNT
OF DONE
THAT.



THAT..THAT VIKENLAVEI
IS TRYING TO STEAL
KAYO FROM ME! I'M
GOING RIGHT
OUT TO
HOLLYWOOD



LOOKS LIKE KAYO
IS IN FOR A GREAT
DEAL OF TROUBLE
--A JEALOUS
WOMAN IS MORE
DANGEROUS
THAN A DOZEN
HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPS.. DON'T
MISS THE NEXT
ISSUE OF

**PEP
COMICS**



BENTLEY of SCOTLAND YARD

THE CASE OF THE VAMPIRE MURDERS !!

THE FIRST OF THE SERIES

IN
THE
CASTLE
OF
COUNT
HASSAN
ON
THE
MOORS!



IS
THE
COUNT
READY
TO
CONDUCT
THE
SEANCE?

YES, LADY
SCOWE! IS EVERYONE READY?

WILL SOMEONE
TURN OFF
THE
LIGHTS?
BUT
LEAVE
THE
CANDLE
BURNING!

I'M FRIGHT-
ENED, JACK!

NOTHING TO
BE AFRAID OF,
PATRICIA!

IRENE
SCOTT
SNAPS
OFF
THE
LIGHTS!

ALL RIGHT,
COUNT! GET
READY TO
CALL THE
SPIRITS!



AS THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO COMPLETE DARKNESS...A HORRIBLE SCREAM RENDS THE AIR!

HHHEEELLPPP!
OHHH!





HERE'S
THE
FORK
THEY
USED
FOR
ROASTING.
I WONDER...



AND A BEANS PLATE
LYING HERE SEEMS TO
INDICATE THAT
I'M RIGHT.



WILD ON THE
BALCONY ABOVE
BENTLEY.....



THE HEDDLING FOOL/
THIS WILL FIX HIM!



HOT THIS
TIME, COUNT
HASSAN/
STAND WHERE
YOU ARE!

THIS WINDS UP TONIGHT'S
LITTLE PARTY...ALMOST!



[...] HAD TO
DO IT,
INSPECTOR!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

PLEASE CALL THE
OTHERS / WE'LL WAIT
BELOW!







ONLY ONE PERSON WERE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE THRUST THAT FORK AS HEARTLY AS IT WAS DONE / THAT MAN IS.....

I DID IT! I DID IT! AND IM GLAD! SHE SET ME UP IN BUSINESS AND THEN TRIED TO RUIN ME FOR THREE YEARS!

SMART WORK, INSPECTOR!

NOT ESPECIALLY! IT'S JUST THAT CRIMINAL KILLERS ARE ALWAYS JUST A LITTLE DUMBER THAN WE AT SCOTLAND YARD!

ANOTHER THRILLING MYSTERY SOLVED BY.....
"BENTLEY & SCOTLAND YARD"
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
PEP COMICS

UNDER WATER LOOK FOR LOST EYES, ETC. SCARE FRIENDS! SWIMMING GOGGLES

Swimming Goggles with Ear Flaps. For Men, Women, Children. **59c**




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WORLD MIKE



Price Only **25c**

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Revolver



Wanted Partner



Advantage



THROW YOUR VOICE



10c

WATER TRANSMITTER



DIVING THE SUBMARINE



WATER TRANSMITTER



TELEPHONE



WATER TRANSMITTER



WATER TRANSMITTER



WATER TRANSMITTER



WATER TRANSMITTER



WATER TRANSMITTER



WATER TRANSMITTER



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